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# Full Issue

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The Literary

College of Arts, Humanities,  
Department of Writing and...

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Department of Writing and...

# Digressions

*Nova Southeastern University  
College of Arts, Humanities, and Social Sciences  
Department of Writing and Communication*

**VOLUME 13, 2016**

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## Editor's Note

The inner landscape of a student is guaranteed to reveal something that the external hides. This is the beauty of *Digressions*, the literary magazine, a collection of the best written and visual works of NSU's undergraduate and graduate students. The pre-med biology student with a penchant for prose is given a chance to be heard. The graduate business student with unique photographic vision is given a medium to share their talent. And the NSU community receives from this an even greater gift: the reassurance that they belong to an academic community full of beautiful minds. This year, we are thrilled to share with you a brooding, darkly magical, and truly unique volume. It is a representation of a year's hard work and the contributions of many individuals.

Juanita, Nicole, and the entire editorial team, you have unparalleled patience, understanding, and kindness of heart. You volunteered to review your peers' art, a monumentally subjective task, and I am so proud of our final compilation. You have impeccable taste.

Emily, our barefoot Queen of Design. This magazine is your masterpiece, and there are hardly words to describe how confidently you undertook the entire layout process. Your patience is so appreciated, and the way you understand my plans and demands has been a godsend. Thank you for being you.

The contributors, you bravely offered up the secrets in your hearts and hoped for the best. Thank you for being receptive to our criticism and praise, and for being true to your passion for expression. Without your writing and art, *Digressions* could not exist, and there would be a void in NSU's student life.

Dr. Kevin Dvorak, our benevolent overlord and guide. You give us the tools and the confidence to freely create, and in this time of change at NSU, I've never felt lost with you on our side. Thank you for entrusting me with *Digressions* this year, and for allowing me to embrace my identity as a writer. I will never forget. As you hand down the reigns, I hope you are proud of the standard you set and the legacy you've left.

Dr. Molly Scanlon, you have been an integral part of our process and I am so grateful for the support and inspiration we would have sorely missed without you. As you inherit *Digressions*, I hope it enriches your experiences at NSU as it has for all of us.

Dr. Tennille Shuster, you should be deeply proud of your design students and the rich projects they created for our cover contest. Thank you for guiding them. Kati Pyles, thank you for this year's winning cover. You artfully captured the balance of science and art that is essential to many NSU students, and I am proud to be the editor of a magazine with such a beautiful face.

Ed and the entire PVA staff, thank you for lending your time, advice, and space. Michele from NSU Archives, thank you for your endless assistance. All of you gave our publication wings.

Michelle and Brian at bepress, you were indispensable to our new nsuworks site and we are grateful to have such flawless tech support as we bring *Digressions* into a new age. You were attentive to detail and so accommodating to my many requests, I can't thank you enough.

Lastly, but not for lack of importance, the readers. Whether you are an NSU student, professor, proud mother, someone mildly interested in poetry, an aspiring writer, or bored with nothing else to flip through - thank you for picking up our magazine. The works within were meant for your eyes, because in poetry, fiction, and art, there is always a reminder that we are all the same. Fragile humans who cling to beauty wherever we can find it.

Editor-In-Chief,

**Faren Rajkumar**

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## ***About Digressions***

To err is to be human, for certain. Unjustly tethered to bodies, we are spirits yearning for a realm ungoverned by law and order. We mess up, mess around with our bodies, make a mess, and recklessly demand freedom of expression despite our tendency to harm ourselves and one another through words and action. But to be human is to be able to encapsulate in art the fleeting qualities of life that make it so precious, and this is perhaps the greatest redeeming quality of our species. We write memories of our mistakes, depict in paint the color of our sins, tell stories of our deepest regrets, and photograph the faces that reflect our own fragility. And from our art, we learn, we grow, we forgive, and witness the flowers bursting forth from our bones. The night melts into day, and life begins anew. In this 13th volume of Digressions, a star-crossed and inauspicious number, we are lucky to bare the shades of lust, vice, immorality, and imperfection that darken our souls, but also create a stark canvas for the starry dreams of perfection we will always chase.

***“Virtue has a veil, vice a mask.”***

***Victor Hugo***

## *Sacrilegious*

**Juanita Castro**

Add in:

9 cups of doubt

A teaspoon of bitterness

A sprinkle of apathy

A sliver of self-deprecation

Too many stories about the greatness of a higher power

4 communion wafers

3 disappointing Christmases

1 and a half hours of Mass

1 lie in the form of a confirmation

Salt.

My sacrilegiousness began the day

I snuck into a deserted chapel

and stole a communion wafer from  
the dusty altar

and let it melt on my tongue, dry and

tasteless, no, it tasted like Nothing,

a mixture of disappointment and confusion,

bland and scratching my throat on its way down

A silent foreshadowing of my time to come

Inside the endless silent walls of endless silent chapels

Waiting for something to come save me from a life

That I never wanted to face up to -

I don't believe in God and I don't believe in myself

I wish there were something for me there, I wish I could speak in tongues and fall to the

floor and understand why people can put so much faith

into a pile of bricks but never in themselves

But every time I walk through the doors of any church, I feel Nothing

No, not true; I feel bitter disappointment at both myself for wanting to believe

in a dusty book and at the dusty book for letting me down

I feel slightly angry at blind ignorance, extremism and hatred cloaked as faith

I feel regret at having wanted to believe so blindly, I feel regret for not being able to,

I feel sadness because every time I walk into a church or see my grandmother pray a  
rosary for me,

I feel an empty gaping space inside my chest that no higher power can fill,

I feel empty and incomplete and I wish I could shovel in church blocks and build a cross

of mortar on my soul,

but the foundations are cracked, they've always been cracked

I still feel defective in some ways;

what is missing inside of me that I cannot believe in golden chains and in silent chapels?

Do you believe you're missing out, and that everything good is happening somewhere  
else?

Well, Jesus Christ, I'm alone again,

So what did you do those three days that you were dead?

I have a feeling this problem will last longer than the weekend

Well, Jesus Christ, I'm not scared to die, I'm a little bit scared of what comes after

Do I get the golden chariot—am I worthy, in the eyes of a greater good,

in the arms of a Holy Ghost that continually haunts me?

I find true spirituality and inner peace in rain, in falling rain

I feel peace when violins play, in the quiet spaces between trees and my own breath in the  
early morning,

in the soft skin at the back of my own neck,

In the brokenness of other people,

In the way that the sea kisses the shore for an eternity

I have found greater tastes on my tongue than those of a dusty communion wafer—

I have a body I wish I could eat as bread every day, ha.

I have swallowed up the sunshine of the laughter of my life as if it was holy blood,

And if I could stopper the feeling of driving down a highway late at night with all the  
windows down and nothing but the wind rushing towards me, I would

I have been to airports that have seen more sincere kisses than weddings

And I am sitting in a hospital that has seen more honest prayers than church pews,

More tears of mine than I can lay on pewter mortar

I think of eternal sunshine, I like being ephemeral,

and I will watch my life through art museum window panes,

And someday, I will tour the churches of Italy again,

and I will see more than stolen pasts inside the Vatican,

I will absorb art and beauty in life, and I will find my own

absolution, absolution!

And yet, I am not absolute, I have bitten from too many fallen apples and have trampled  
on the battlegrounds

of scarlet seals and marble faces, and the gold plating on the vases of the Romans

is the same gold that makes up the fake teeth of smiling sphinxes,

I am, upon my own grace, a martyr.

I, I am not sure that I believe in the people, but the people still believe in me,

and so, I will walk the road of morality and mortality and remember

how temporary my breathing is, and how frail my bones

will look when they, too, are dust.

I will fall on my knees before Degas and yet not before an altar, and I wonder

what kind of person

this makes me.



## ***Death's Epiphany***

**Kyle Boltson**

I fear death for lack of faith.  
Yet many times I have died in dreams, only to wake up and experience a greater reality.  
Perhaps one day I will die, only to enter into a greater reality.



## ***Heartless***

**Ezana Assefa**

Home is where the heart is. I wonder where my heart is...  
And if a home remains unknown, does that make me heartless?

The heart is where the home is. I wonder where my home is...  
If my heart remains apart, am I considered homeless?

A home once was where my heart used to be  
A love-craved castle with fantasies as far as the eye can see

Trust and delight fortified every crack and seam  
While hope and security formed every column and beam

What seemed to be an indestructible structure  
Was destroyed with an unexpected internal rupture

We vigilantly defend the outer, forgetting tragedies strike from within  
We diligently focus upon the hour, forgetting they are composed of minutes

Home is where the heart is. I wonder now, where my heart is...  
Since home, I am alone, wondering where my heart is.  
It is departed.

— inspired by F.R.



## ***Balboa Bars***

Lucy Schwartz

## ***Friday Night***

Tory Njardvik

She met him on a Friday in his car  
Sipping Keystone beer hiding in the street  
Lost in the ecstasy he seemed so far

Vibrating energy of youth and trust  
Never before had he tasted so sweet  
She met him on a Friday in his car

Excited to feel his hands on her bust  
They filled the Chevy with strong breaths and heat  
Lost in the ecstasy he seemed so far

Inflamed on edge as he began to thrust  
Sticking together on the leather seat  
She met him on a Friday in his car

Provoked he turned black from lust  
Hands around her neck blind to the mistreat  
Lost in the ecstasy he seemed so far

Violated by trickery and disgust  
He pushed her out alone on the concrete  
She met him on a Friday in his car  
Lost in the ecstasy he seemed so far



## ***Everything I Am Not Or May Never Be***

**Dymun Fengshui (Jonathan Back)**

I may not be,  
Where I want to end.  
But I am in love,  
With the moment that I am in.

I may not be,  
Who I wish to become.  
But I am proud,  
Of me as I am young.

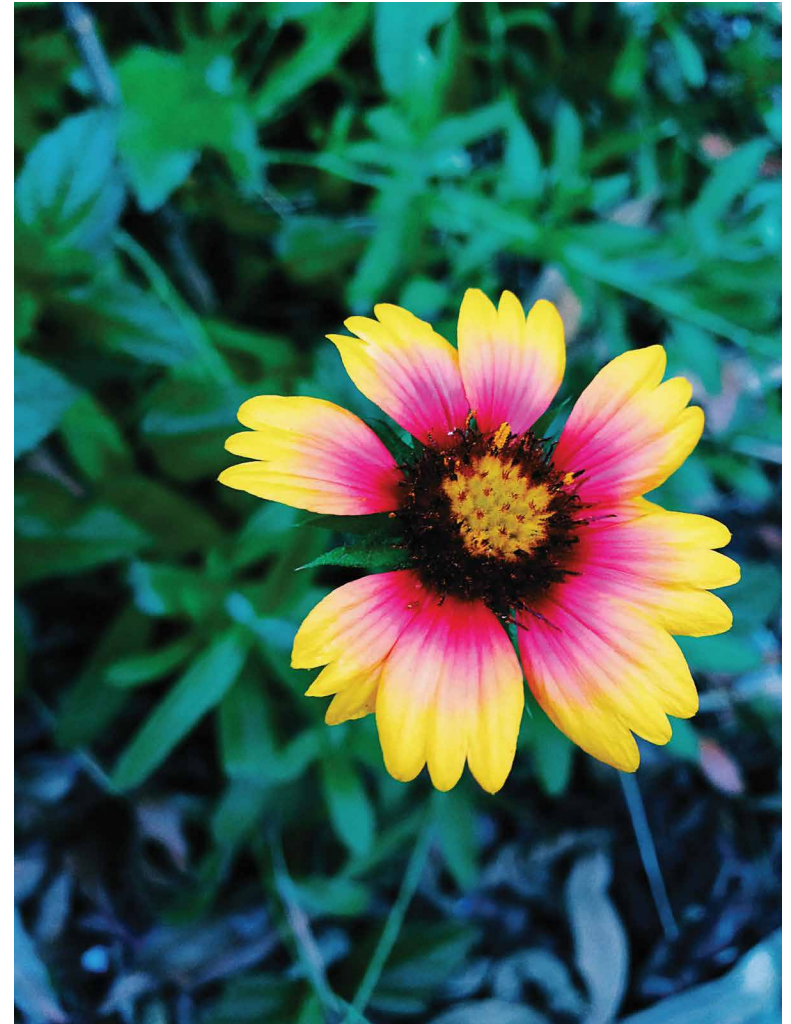
I may not be,  
Where I could have been.  
But upon looking back,  
I wouldn't wish to begin again.

I may not be,  
All I am capable of.  
But for now,  
I know that I am enough.

I may not be,  
Accomplishing all I wish.  
But desire comes and goes,  
And sometimes it will switch.

I may never be,  
Able to see all I imagine.  
But my thoughts for today,  
And tomorrow may not be matching.

I am who I am.  
And for now,  
That's all that I will be. I am fine with that.  
I am happy with me.



***Purple Flower***

Cherrie Ali

## ***Numb***

**Tory Njardvik**

Stuck in this vicious cycle  
Repetition and routine  
My mind is numb  
I can no longer feel the excitement  
The alcohol, pills, and cocaine aren't cutting it  
They no longer take me high  
Orgasms and vibrations no longer exist  
Nothing but a runny nose  
I am bored in this glass house  
He finally comes home  
I beg him to choke me  
To pin me against the wall  
And burn me with melted wax  
Nothing  
He lies on the bed exhausted  
Covered in sweat  
Annoyed, I go outside  
He follows  
Standing on the deck  
Waves crash and beat against the rocks  
Holding on to the railing  
He stares at the moon  
Triggered  
I push him.  
His scream gives me goose bumps  
Finally  
I can feel again  
I run down our staircase that connects  
Our home to the sand  
Blood rushing between the sharp edges  
Staining the shore  
I can feel his heat  
I can feel!  
Fingers interlaced  
Struggling to pull his heavy body  
I cut into him  
Coring him like an oyster  
A trail of his body  
Leads the way back home  
Exhausted I lay down  
Coming down from my fix  
Arms strapped to my sides  
I can't move my legs  
Belted in tight  
Nothing on the walls  
A room bleached and stale

## ***Do Not Be Alarmed***

**Faren Rajkumar**

Do not be alarmed by the diamonds that glare in the tangle of my hair.  
Does it scare you that my words are sharper than broken glass and brighter than the sun of your  
Universe?  
Do you tremble when I exhale a fine mess of dust that shimmers like the crushed stars in which my  
inner pieces swim?  
Do not be alarmed by me, a planet, no longer light years away,  
Close enough to shake the orbit of your Earth.  
Embrace me, this satellite adrift covered in the powder of space and time.  
I have seen the darkness, and I have set it ablaze.  
Breathe in the gold that paints my being.  
Empty your bottle and fill it with the air left silver-hued by my laugh.  
I can fill your nights with flame.  
I can teach you to speak loud and dream louder, to burden the stars with the weight of greater  
wishes and chase fear into eternity.  
Because as I search for all that glitters,  
That is what I become.

## ***A Midday's Contemplation***

**Ezana Assefa**

Have you ever heard the sunrise?  
Triumphant shouts that pierce the sky.

Vibrant colors illuminate the expanse  
A new masterpiece of God's romance

The heavens painted with an array of hues  
Each day, He creates everything anew

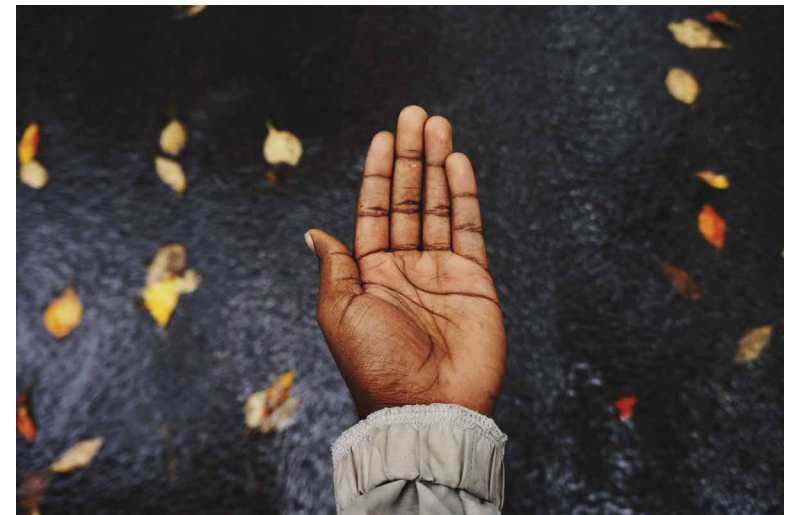
Depicting His majesty with the utmost solemnness  
And showing His mercy through gracious providence

Have you ever heard the sunset?  
Soothing cries that pacify all frets

Calming tones of glorious sights  
As fleeting glows usher in the night

The space above is filled with His everlasting peace  
Occupying every sight the eye can see

And as His serenity displayed always endures  
This cycle continues, He rests assured.



## ***Hand of Glory - I Get Nervous***

Alonzo Williams

## ***Woman of God***

### **Romartine Virgile**

So you want me to tell you  
She  
Carries a tender voice  
Slight melody  
Words of grace  
Oh femininity  
Show the world what it means to be a woman?  
Your daughters  
Your mothers  
Your sisters  
Your wife  
Are wondering  
Is this that coming of age?  
Wo-Man  
Forever in a power struggle  
Man pursued her womb  
Ate of the forbidden fruit  
Causing her own demise  
The outcome left her rapped throughout time  
Abused by men  
Determined to use her tools  
As slave trade  
In search of what?  
The cave of independence  
Disrespect became her vice  
An old proverb says  
Stay away from the strange woman  
She flatters with her lips  
Seduction fills her eyes  
Don't desire her beauty  
She caters to the blind  
Woman  
Looking back  
Left out of Sodom and Gomorrah  
Judgment produced her death  
Negatively portrayed throughout centuries  
Told to  
Stay at home  
Be quiet  
Just hide  
Behind the showdown of men  
Always in the background  
That side chick  
Prostitutes on 79th get a lot of attention though  
Drug dealers looking for dimes  
Use her body  
Sell her goods  
In exchange for her life  
Her friend says  
It's just an issue of blood  
So  
What's the solution?  
Cover her head to toe  
It's not her body  
Female genital mutilation  
Let's get ride of her womb

She is your property  
Just tell your girl to stay silent!  
Woman of God!  
Don't you know that you're the daughter of our heavenly Father?  
Find identity in God  
Who  
Spoke a word over woman that changed the course of her pregnancy  
He created them  
Male and Fe-Male  
The image of God Almighty  
Tramples the reflection of  
Not being good enough  
I need a dolled up face  
Skinny waist  
Hour glass hips  
So much insecurity!  
These were her birth pains  
Signs of labor contracting throughout the word of God  
It was a woman  
Who chose what was good and everlasting  
By sitting at the feet of her savior  
She learns of his love for her  
It was a woman  
Blessed and highly favored  
Who birthed through mother-hood  
The greatest being to ever step this earth  
Jesus  
Loves the church  
His father gave him  
As... a... bride  
He said  
She was worth it to die  
Rescuing her out of her pool of blood in Ezekiel  
To deck her out with gold and silver  
Fine linen  
A wedding gown  
The Gospel is good news to the woman  
Jesus vows  
Blessed are they who are called to the wedding supper of the lamb!  
Come be a witness to the beauty of a wife's submission  
Now, Solomon mentions  
A woman's every body part is to be respected!  
So men,  
Don't open her love before time!  
The Glory of her Husband  
You may desire her body but he will love her ways  
A woman is described as  
Wisdom personified  
In Proverbs 31  
Who can find this virtuous one?  
Her worth is beyond rubies  
Recall Sarah's gentle spirit to her husband  
Esther's courage to save her people  
Deborah warrior hearts lead to victory  
The faithfulness of Ruth as she stayed with God's family  
Don't forget  
Mary's devoted love to Jesus  
With this, charm becomes deceitful  
Beauty...  
Is fleeting  
But woman!  
I charge you  
Stand in the fear of the lord And you will be praised!



***Behind the Painting***

Anna Evora

***Night***

**Sophie-Anne Baril**

Outside the sky is painted a rich onyx  
 No stars light up the dark sky  
 Crickets chirp and upset the possible quiet  
 And for a moment, I am one with the night.  
 My thoughts evade my mind and into the darkness  
 They get lost into the eternal and deep sky.  
 My dreams are my thoughts returned as a gift  
 From the endless onyx sheet high up above  
 I listen to the crickets; maybe they have a word to say  
 And I let my heart take over as I let my mind float away.



## ***Alive Again***

**Danielle Pierce**

I remember the bottle on the floor, empty,  
Just like me.  
Tonight I was supposed to feel alive again.  
But as you are giving me these slow, slow kisses,  
I feel nothing.

I remember I am marked by an invisible path.  
There are smooth curves, sharp edges, clear lines.  
Someone else has these directions.  
You will never be able to follow them.

I remember smiling once.  
There were days when I was contagious with it.  
Each day was a promise for a new adventure.  
I was happy with him.

I remember being broken.  
Everything I ever felt for him had shattered.  
I could not, would not, understand how it happened.  
Trying to pick up those pieces has scarred me.

It hurts to remember.  
I want to erase those memories  
And feel something else.  
I kiss you harder,  
Hypnotized by the alcohol we split.  
Closer, come closer.  
I drag my fingers down your back,  
Pressing you against me.  
There is no time for breathing.  
I start to feel something again,  
Just within reach.  
Closer, come closer.  
Too many emotions  
My head is spinning  
My vision is foggy  
I am wrapped up in you  
I do not want to escape  
I am alive again, until—

I remember the bottle on the floor, empty,  
Just like me.

## ***Moonshine***

**Faren Rajkumar**

“But what is it?”  
“Sip, and don’t swallow fast”  
Easy now

That’s it  
Fire, earth, and honey amber of little understood fables  
My insides floating up to exit my unworldly mouth  
To let stars meet stars  
Darkness meet darkness  
Lovers parted, reunited  
A warm, golden vein snaking around me  
Am I glowing?  
Will the fireflies name me king?  
Will I be the lantern to guide the prophet?  
Like a soup of bright ecstasy and wine, but better  
Like the way her eyes blazed that night I said goodbye  
Not that I could see through the tears, but I could feel her fire  
And again I feel it in my throat  
“Moonshine”  
I get it now.

## ***Her Thoughts on Love***

**Nicole Chavvanes**

It was on a cold night that she realized what it was to love. Not cold to the others but cold to her—cold in her. She was always colder than the others, as if her blood ran thinner than the rest. To love, she realized, was to be completely at home; at home with her family, at home with her surroundings, at home with herself. It was to sit amidst the noise, and bask in the quiet; to hear the human sounds—the laughs, the conversation, the music, and the cheer—and to be able to hear beyond those murmurings. To love was to hear her thoughts clearly through the chaos, because the people around her brought such excellent clarity. To love was to feel the palpitations of the resonating soul of the human environment, and to wrap herself in it. To love was to feel warm was when she was cold—to feel her blood thickening as the moments ticked by—and to finally feel whole.

To love was to feel like the most fortunate person she knew, even when society dictated she had drawn an unfortunate lot. To be in love was to know that despite what society thought, she knew that it was real, and that she was, indeed, the luckiest person on earth.

Love, she thought, is warmth that permeates the soul.



## ***Deseret***

**Hawk Hardy**

***A Reflection on What He's Done,  
and Continues to Do***

**Nicole Chavvanes**

Back in those days when any man's implied affection  
    Could garner her fickle attention  
    She knew her worth was more  
And yet continued to wipe the floor  
    With her heart.  
She ignored the warnings in her head  
As she lied awake, alone, in her bed  
    Allowing these insignificant men  
    To occupy her thoughts.

She hoped and prayed for the day to come  
That her best friend would become The One  
    Whom she could hold close  
When the fears that strangled her took too strong a hold,  
    And the tears stung her eyes,  
    And her mouth twisted in pain,  
    And the only comfort she felt  
Was in the warmth of his embrace.  
And when that day finally arrived,  
    All she could do, again, was cry  
    And hold him harder,  
    Pulling him closer  
    Until her eyes were dry.  
And he did not just take the tears away;  
Her smiles – her laughter – that you see today?  
They are his, and his are hers, and they are perfect that way.

***MCM***

**Julie Saint-Fleur**

I want to get lost in you  
without losing myself.

I want to like what you like  
and still like what I like.

I want to do what you do  
and still do what I do.

I want to touch your soul  
without losing feel of mine.

I want to run away with you  
and still be safe at home.

I want to be one with you  
and still be complete alone.

I want to forget time is moving  
without losing track of time.

I want to help you grow  
and still flourish myself.

I want to mean something to you  
and still mean something to myself.

I want to bring out the light in you  
without losing the light in me.

I need to know you want it too.

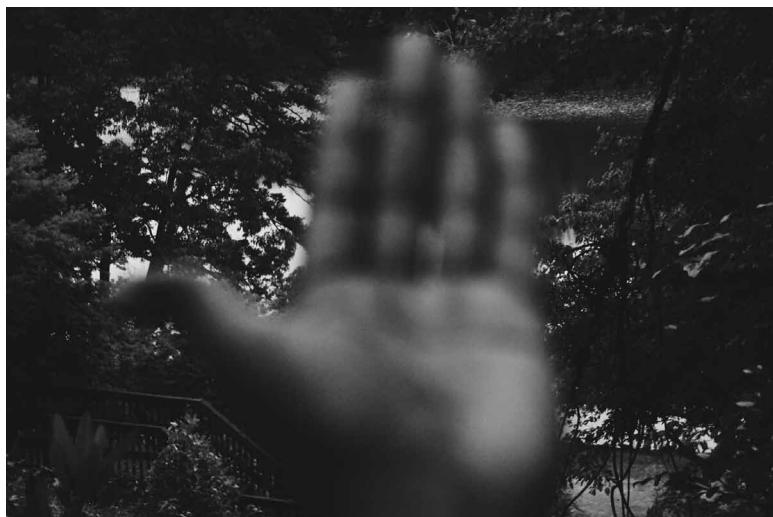


***Dymun Fengshui (Jonathan Back)***  
Jonathan Back

## ***The House of Bodies***

**Tory Njardvik**

I push my way towards the bar.  
Catching your attention.  
The bartender slides me a drink,  
As you drop a toxin.  
Fruity and sweet, it trickles down,  
Spreading throughout my veins.  
You approach me with your ice eyes,  
As it sweeps to my brain.  
Slurred words tainted with rohypnol.  
You catch me as I fall.  
Compromised by your seduction,  
Trapped behind dry wall.  
Trying to scream with empty air.  
Laughing, you strip my clothes.  
Paralyzed. Unable to escape,  
As blood seeps from my nose.  
Chained to the pole, you stand above  
Smirking. You strike a match,  
As kerosene burns through my skin,  
Helpless, itching to scratch.  
I cry from misery and pain.  
A moment of despair.  
The lights fade, as I slip away.  
My lungs burst red air.  
In the bar, victims lose their way.  
His pattern does not change.  
He lures her in, and takes her home.  
She is placed in the range.  
Her body packed under the stairs,  
One more girl last in line.  
Hidden bodies throughout his home.  
Content, his classic shrine.  
Documenting his victims' deaths  
With photographs and heads.  
On display, he opens his house  
Welcoming the unwed.



*Hand of Glory - Strange Motions*  
Alonzo Williams



*Shelf Life*  
Faren Rajkumar



## ***A Love Story in 100 Words***

**Grace Ducanis**

She came late and left early. He was always there, which was what she loved most. She didn't talk to him, because talking cheapened love.

But such things. Oh, such things he said with his eyes! Their glances were infused with meaning. She didn't know what they meant. It didn't matter. His eyes did mean something.

She was cynical; it was impossible for one person to understand another. She didn't want to be understood.

No.

She wanted to be seen—to know that he noticed she was there, and would have noticed if she was gone.

Which, eventually, she was.

## ***Hollow***

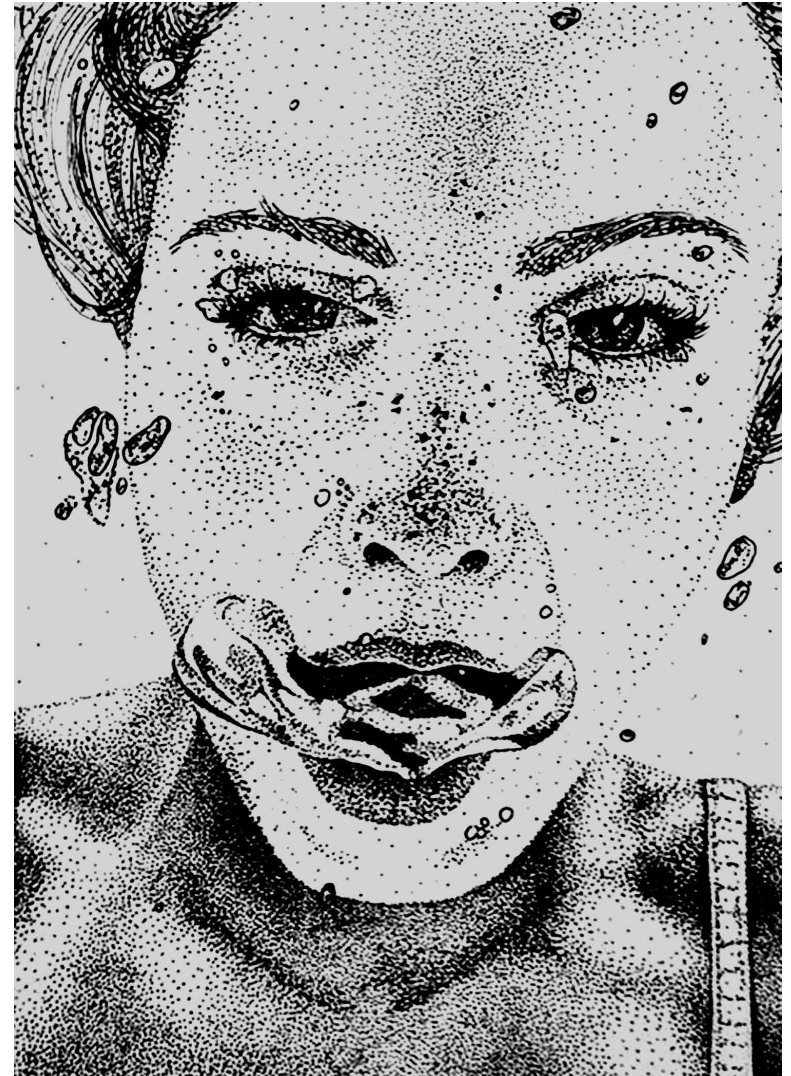
**Kyle Boltson**

Caving in from the outside,  
I can feel her swallow.  
Her soul is empty,  
It leaves me feeling hollow.  
Her eyes are the darkest I ever seen,  
My conscience is weak, and too numb to scream.  
Nothing is there.

## ***Consummation***

**Daniel Arguelles**

The sand was our carpet  
And the palm trees our chapel  
The warm breeze served as a witness  
As the man robed in black declared our union sacred  
We walked to the shore to escape the pesky guests  
And the waves stretched out to caress our toes  
Insisting on an early honeymoon start  
We surrendered and rowed out just before the end of day  
The sun was falling off the edge  
And the waters danced lazily in a midnight waltz  
So propelled by the lust of adventure  
We let Jack Daniels take over the helm  
And with the stars a blanket in the soft moon light  
Gushing pleasure fused us as one, we hoped, for life  
The sea hypnotic rocked us to sleep  
We never knew in every direction the shore was no more  
Just six hours later everything snapped  
And suddenly awakened, our salty host bawled  
Mortified by the intrusion she slapped us around  
The skies turned gray and the winds went mad  
Nine days passed  
Oh, my perfect bride, her white dress now crimson  
Bursting blisters and white secretion  
We had to pour our warm yellow self  
Down our cracked lips which begged for more  
I once swore to my bride's father  
If need be I would die for his princess  
But now like a fetid rag she lay strung on my arms  
The stench was putrid, but I could not loosen the embrace  
I'm not sure when she left me or if my mind went first  
The lips and eyes I had worshiped now only crawling white rice  
A dolphin glimpsed up and mockingly smiled  
Deep dark grave, were not the Titanic, Atlantis and Earhart enough?  
Some time ago I started to see what I wished  
At times I was back on that beach, succulent platters abounding  
Fresh water and festive ovens bursting with flavor  
But neither insanity nor delusion could ever forgive what came next  
There is no redemption for cannibalism  
I had hoped for life but now prayed for death  
But there was no blade, rope or bullet to put an end to myself  
And too weak to jump over to the circling Great White  
My last hope was ...



## ***Life is the Bubbles***

Lucy Schwartz



## ***Love is Beautiful***

Alonzo Williams

## ***Intimacy***

Ezana Assefa

I long for you intimately, your pseudo-psychological intimacy  
I love how every time with you is a new experience infinitely

The mental intricacies you create have no equivalent  
Your two dimensional figure is such a neural stimulant

How you keep me vigilant, forever attentive  
Your grasp on my heart becomes more aggressive

You captivate and control every moment I give you  
A self designed paradigm I vicariously live through

The power you grant me to create my perfect fantasy  
Is toxic enough to blind me of my preexisting malady

For a moment in time, I am enchanted by your allure  
And with a hypnotic trance, you begin to obscure

My judgments and prudence, my foresight and wisdom  
To your supernatural abyss my insatiable lust falls victim

I give you my all; the best of my being  
Releasing the essence of my soul; spiritually freeing

Satisfaction. Or the lack thereof  
Satiety. Or the lack thereof

You have left me. Alone and wanting  
You have left me alone, in haunting

Confused as to how I must climb out of this void  
When suddenly from a far, I hear a familiar noise

A faint voice I know all too well  
A lie it whispers, "With me, your answers and desires dwell."

Reluctantly, I follow the voice into the abyss  
Never learning from what originally led me amiss.

To, Pornography

From, Ezana

## ***A Life Of*** \_\_\_\_\_

**Dymun Fengshui (Jonathan Back)**

Oh what a day is today  
A day that is \_\_\_\_\_  
Today I feel \_\_\_\_\_  
And who would have thought,  
That today would be the day that \_\_\_\_\_  
It seems that I am \_\_\_\_\_ Today  
And everyone around me is \_\_\_\_\_  
How do things \_\_\_\_\_  
People are \_\_\_\_\_  
Yesterday was \_\_\_\_\_  
When I think back I \_\_\_\_\_  
and then today I \_\_\_\_\_  
It is \_\_\_\_\_  
Things will be \_\_\_\_\_ tomorrow.  
And that makes me \_\_\_\_\_  
Because life is \_\_\_\_\_

- Written by \_\_\_\_\_



## Staff Notes

**Faren Rajkumar**, senior English major  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, MARKETING DIRECTOR

Faren has lived in South Florida for most of her life, and has experienced a valuable four years at NSU in the Honors Program. She is moving on to pursue an MFA in Creative Writing with a poetry concentration, and hopes to publish her poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction while also pursuing a career as a graduate professor. As a lover of words through and through, Faren is passionate about the purpose of Digressions, and is also a Writing Fellow tutor and former editor at The Current newspaper. In her spare time, she re-reads novels, day dreams about the American wilderness, and plays the violin.

**Emily Harrington**, junior environmental science major, marine biology minor  
DESIGN MANAGER

Despite Emily's unfortunate inclination towards the sciences, she has always had a strong passion for the arts. This led her to pursue a position on the Digressions staff as a freshman. The future is bright but uncertain for her, so she has dabbled in many fields, including environmental writing and magazine design. She specializes in short stories, painting, and the art of walking on concrete without shoes.

**Juanita Castro**, sophomore English & political science major  
MANAGING EDITOR

Juanita immigrated from Colombia when she was younger and now lives in South Florida. She's been writing, drawing, editing, and petting as many dogs as she can for years now. She's active in the Jason Taylor Foundation, and currently interns for the Omari Hardwick blueapple Poetry Network. She was recently crowned the Youth Poet Laureate of South Florida, and splits her time now mainly in between writing, volunteering, and teaching creative arts at schools. She loves Digressions as much as she loves petting puppies.

**Desiree Casanova**, junior sociology major  
EDITORIAL STAFF

Desiree is from Coconut Creek, Florida, and is involved with President's 64, the Honors Program, SGA, and Digressions. She has interests in HR and non-profits, in addition to a passion for writing. Desiree enjoys being part of Digressions because it allows her to see and showcase the work of creative NSU students.

**Nicole Chavvanes**, sophomore English major  
EDITORIAL STAFF

Nicole has been writing since middle school, but not diligently enough to satisfactorily call herself a "writer." However, seeing the wonderful work of her peers has motivated and inspired her, and she's writing more than she has in years. Her passion for the craft has been mercifully been re-ignited.

**Tiara Baldoni**, senior communications major, marketing minor  
EDITORIAL STAFF

Tiara grew up in a small town in Pennsylvania called Peckville. She is a member of Sigma Delta Tau Sorority, currently the Director of Social Affairs and Risk Management. She also works on campus in the Writing Studio as the Administrative Assistant, and has a Marketing Internship at Celsius in Boca Raton, FL. Tiara was also a member of the Nova Southeastern University Cheer team for two years, and in her free time, she enjoys hanging out with friends, singing, skiing, working out, and dancing.

**Kyle Boltson**, junior biology major  
EDITORIAL STAFF

"If you saw the world through my eyes, you would realize that no form of government is fit to secure us from the tyranny of human nature. Our generation believes it's breaking free from old conventions, while it's actually conforming to the system which enslaves it. They say I'm weird. I say I'm free."

**Hannah Dean**, sophomore biology major, psychology minor  
EDITORIAL STAFF

Hannah is the treasurer of Fitwell, and also a member of P64, Pre-PA, and Supernovas volunteer program. Hannah joined Digressions to make it more known to students that they don't need to be in an art or writing class to be able to show off their work; she believes that everyone should have the opportunity to share what they love doing.

**Amanda Kaplan**, senior communication studies major  
EDITORIAL STAFF

Amanda is originally from New York. She works for The Current newspaper at NSU and has a love for writing. She aspires to work for a magazine after graduation and continue to grow as a writer. She loves to laugh and has a secret passion for expressing her emotions through dancing.

**Tory Njardvik**, senior international studies major, writing minor  
EDITORIAL STAFF

Tory is 21 years old and left Montana to pursue international studies at NSU. She played on the NSU volleyball team for two years until she broke her back in an accident, ending her volleyball career. In her spare time, Tory enjoys writing poetry, travelling, and attending music festivals.



## ***Contributor Notes***

***Ezana Assefa***, junior behavioral neuroscience and biology major

“I want to be a neurologist or neuroscientist, and in my spare time, I am found at the gym, basketball courts, or in a book.”

***Sophie-Anne Baril***, senior international studies major

“Writing poetry is one of my hobbies and I hope to turn it into something bigger if I get the chance to publish a poetry book.”

***Grace Ducanis***, junior English and communication major

“I love stories in any form. I write because it’s the easiest way for me to tell a story. In a realistic perfect world I would have a career writing for a Christian magazine and publishing the series of novels I’ve been writing since I was fourteen, but I would also proofread medicine labels for a decent amount of money. I firmly believe that a little controversy is good for the soul.”

***Dymun Fengshui***, senior speech-language pathology major

“Can’t complain... nobody wants to listen.” - Ralph J. Hall

***Hawk Hardy***, sophomore computer science major

“I take photographs because human memory is mutable and ultimately volatile.”

***Julie Saint-Fleur***, senior elementary education major

Julie is an aspiring author who wishes to publish realistic fiction novels worldwide. She also plans to teach English to small children internationally.

***Lucy Schwartz***, freshman psychology major

Lucy is on the NSU rowing team.

***Alonzo Williams***, junior dance major

“I would love to build a performance arts academy dedicated to all forms of art. I write and photograph to capture God’s insight and understand His beauty.”

***Romartine Virgile***, senior applied professionals major

“The raw truth is I write, draw, and paint out of the beauty and love I have for God. Other than that, everything would be boring to me. I have a passion to live my purpose so it’s all the more meaningful that I use my gifts and talents.”



*Imagine. Create. Inspire.*

